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General

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

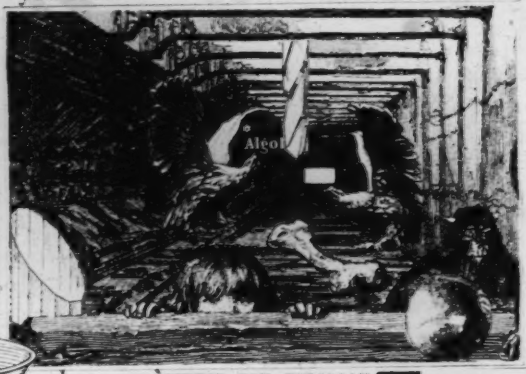
WE SHORT-WRITE THE OLD WAY

PASTIMES

Are You Ever GRAVITIES. VIBRATIONS.

HAVE you ever been seated next to a man, or a woman, at a dinner and discovered that there wasn't a thing in the world you could talk about? TRIPOD HEAD.

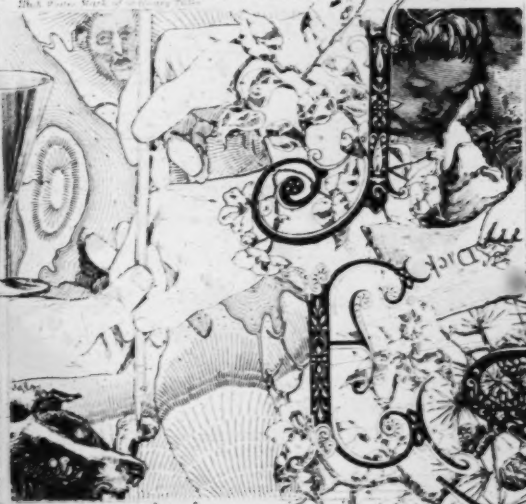
Have you ever been tongue-tied at a party—actually tongue-tied, you know, and unable to say what you wanted to say, hesitant and embarrassed instead of well-poised and at ease? CHEESE BOX TOBOGGAN.

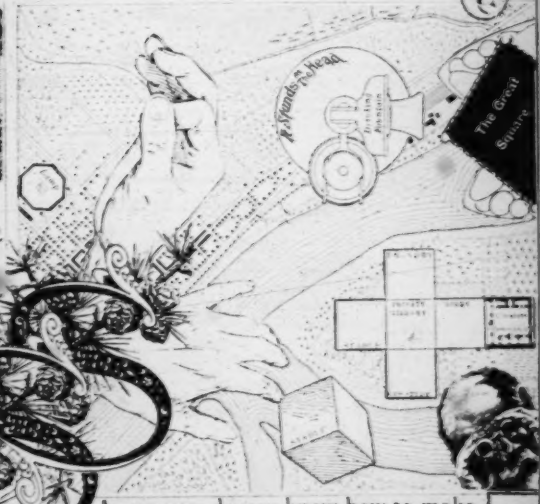


Tongue-Tied

Mistakes That Condemn Us As Ill-Bred

It is humiliating to sit next to a young lady or a young man, at a dinner table and not be able to converse in a calm well-bred manner. It is awkward to leave one's dance partner without a word—or to murmur some senseless phrase that you regret the moment it leaves your lips. UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

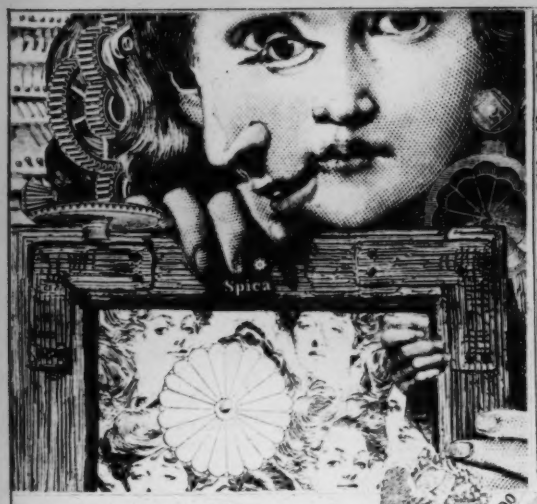


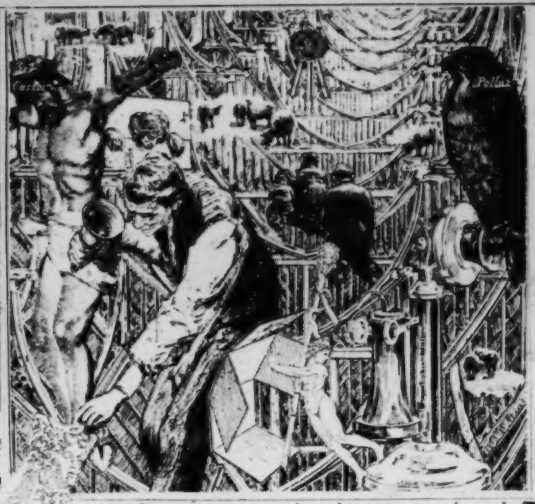


Embarrassment robs so many of us of our power of speech. Frequently people who are quite brilliant talkers among their own friends find that they cannot utter a word when they are among strangers.

-Tied ?

At a party, do you know how to make and acknowledge introductions in a pleasing, well-poised manner? Do you know how to mingle with the guests,



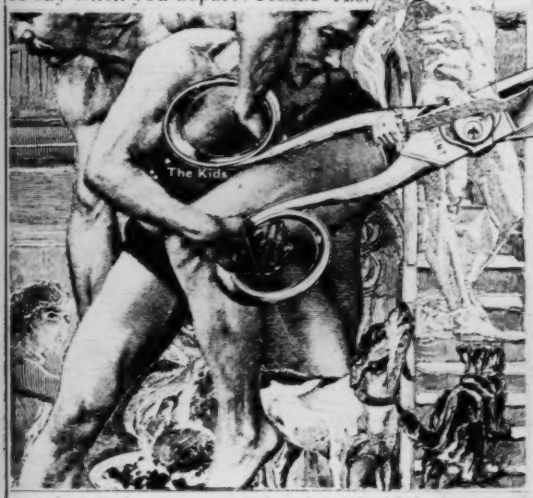


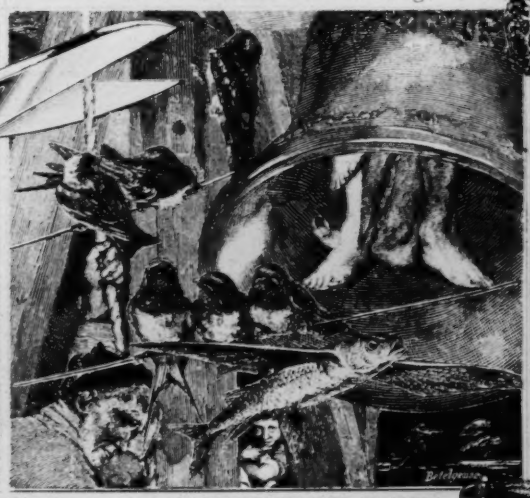
saying the right thing at the right time? Do you know what to say to your hostess when you arrive, and what to say when you depart? TUNING PEG.

DADO OR FRIEZE

Are Does conversation lag every time it reaches you? Are you constrained and ill at ease throughout the evening?

You well-poised guest and an embarrassed, constrained guest is usually the difference between a happy and a miserable evening. The man or woman who is able to do



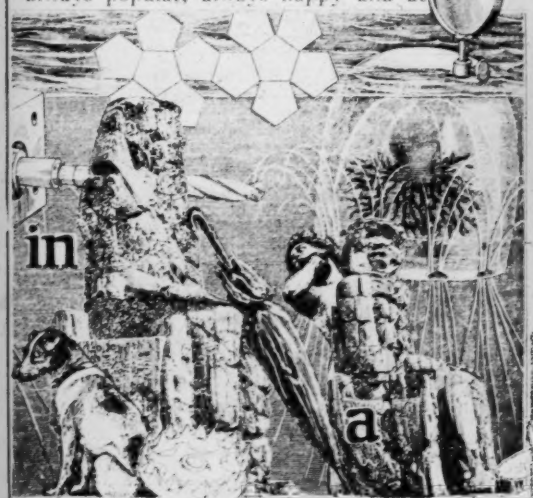


Alone

and say the correct and cultured thing without stopping to think about it is the man or woman who is always welcome, always popular, always happy and at ease. LEAVES, STALKS, AND FLOWERS.

TARY MULTICYCLE.

Ever There are countless little blunders that one can make at a party or a dance. For instance, the man who mutters "Pleased to meet you" over and over again as his hostess introduces him to the other guests is revealing how little he really knows about polite society. The woman



Crowd

who says "Mr. Blank, meet Miss Smith" makes two very obvious mistakes.

At the dinner table, in the ball-room, with strangers and with one's own friends, one must avoid the little social blunders that can cause embarrassment. An easy, calm, engaging manner is of much greater importance than a pretty gown or a smart new suit. A CHEESE BOX TOBOGGAN.

JESS: PASTE-UPS

DECEMBER 16, 1972
TO
JANUARY 28, 1973

Museum
of
Contemporary Art
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Jess's collages unite visual and poetic fragments into a dense and highly personal pictorial amalgamation. These works are masterful in their control of complexity and in the allusiveness to a rich visual and literary culture. Like the miner's cabin transformed by accumulation of cutouts and objects that so impressed the artist as a child, Jess's art brings together an abundance of seemingly random materials into subtle combinations that are, in fact, products of an acute and discerning sensibility.

The present exhibition of "Paste-Ups" is a survey of two decades of accomplishment. It traces Jess's development of the collage from initial abstract expressionist premises through their enrichment by surrealist techniques of juxtaposition to the recent work where style and its history become iconography.

We would like to thank Jess for his generous assistance in all phases of the preparation of this exhibition, Robert Duncan for his sepsitive essay, the San Francisco Museum of Art for making copyright material available to us, and Odyssia Gallery for their assistance in organizing the material for this presentation.

Stephen Prokopoff
Director, Museum of Contemporary Art

Snapshot from a ruined photograph album, c1910.
"Mr. Houk – a resident of McKittrick" (California)

ICKY TAR
WHAT A BLOW!
WHY? WHY? GONE! SOMEBODY REAL IS NUTS!
HEY, THAT SOUNDED LIKE A PSYCHIATRIST BEING SLAMMED.
I THINK. NO! I-I I CANT KEEP OUR EYES ON THE TREE.
HOW MUCH LONGER LOOK LIKE A SWEET—WHY DID I HERE IN THIS BLIZZARD. FIND A THING WRONG?
IT DOES LOOK LIKE A FRUITLESS WATCH. OKAY
HEY! I HEAR THE ROAR IN THIS BLIZZARD.
HEY! TELL THE TREE!
HEY! I'LL BE DOG! O GOD! GREAT IDEA. FREEZING TO DEATH.
IDENTIFIED THE BONE THE SKULL AND ICE
HALT! HIS! HER! HALT!
FIRE BEARING THE BABY IN THE DOLL—

6. Tricky Cad: Case 1 *1954*

STRUCTURE OF RIME XXVII

The shadow of the Muse falls across letters of the word that rises now I see from his work, and, obedient to her command, my mind goes over to his. Into my pupils returns a studying rapture. From these hieroglyphics the sound arose. Abraham in Egyptian depths of Amerika dreams.

My companion, the artist of the picture book I shall ever return to, meets me there. "She has commanded the opening of the Interior Palace," he says: "All the figures of the Made World return with you to undo What Is She loves." Into the shadow jewels formd in the glances of terrible men shine. And, from the ruind sockets of other civilizations, eyes from animal and child faces burnd back in sections of our own world from the suffering skull pull at the chords that we have never severd.

In the Hive of Continual Images the Bees, the angelic swarm, build in the visible cells a language in which they dance. The honey runs down from the beasts workt in the walls of the cave, from the divine figures, the negro kings under the crowns of the two kingdoms. Underground, the terrors and judgments. "The guard," my companion that came to me as he was sent tells me, "opend and closed the leaves of Bosch and all the trees of my soul opend and closed to see the fires that burnd in the Day he saw." "So I have assembled all the things and beings of my world to read them."

The honey runs down from the emblematic banners, the faces of Eate in the Tarot suite, the alchemical allegories, golden and black. Deranging the intention of Dick Tracy, the inner drama of a violated identity shows its face. In the work the Muse commands the poet of the visible dissembles and reassembles depths and faces in Persephone's pomegranate. In every red seed a life is planted. And all the scenes and deeds in which Man has illustrated his nature, the grievous and the stupid with the joyous and the brave to know the heart of things, the households and furnitures, the sacred groves and gardens, the battlefields, corpses, empires, grow again. Dancing in single cells of the geometry in which they are planted, the bees of heaven articulate in Its changes the Way to the ephemeral blooms where the honey of the Eternal again rises.

This has always been the One Art — the revelation, the moving picture, the urgent speaking to us of the world we see that moved us to make even of the sounds of our mouths an answering speech, the informing dance of images into which the Eye opens. She sends Her bears to claw the architecture loose from perfection. The Opening of the Way again, the Wound in God's side. Angry, confused, then a cloud in which the Queen is hidden, the workers are released from the old order into the great Work beyond their understanding. They must go beyond the bounds of their art.

But the new sweetness! The new ground of jokes and sadness. Anew, the deadly stings of truth. Anew, the visible World speaks in passing sentences of final things seen.

"Then, bury deep into the Visible," She commands us. "Return your intelligence into the threshold of the real from the chamberd brain, to the seeing fingers of the eye that feels, to the equilibrations of the inner ear to dwell in the light and dark of the rainbow from which color streams towards the music sound imitates, in the heavy and light in which desire arrives." In the dawn of the new artist's vision, the Old World let loose from what we thought we knew or would take for granted exhibits itself.

ROBERT DUNCAN
London, May 1968

Copyright 1968 Robert Duncan

9. Loves Captives *1954*

37. Notice. No Eggs Required. By Order. *1972*

JESS: A Chronology of Pasting-up

1923 Born August 6, Long Beach, California

1927 A great aunt entertains him with scrapbooks recycling magazine advertisements and newspaper comics

1928 With his father visits the Mojave Desert diggings of an old prospector whose home is a small palace assembled from scrap wood, junk, tins, natural objects, with an interior paste-up décor

1939-49 Diverted, trained and employed as radiochemist

1944 Begins reading Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*

1949-51 "Reawakens" in classes at California School of Fine Arts, San Francisco, under painters Clyfford Still, Edward Corbett, Hassel Smith, Elmer Bischoff, David Park

1951 Begins companionship with poet Robert Duncan

1952 Absorbs Ernst's *Une semaine de bonte*

1953 Takes part with Duncan and painter Harry Jacobus in keeping open King Ubu Gallery, San Francisco, as a showplace for artworks and stage for drama and poetry. Shows paste-ups, paintings and junk assemblies

1954 Paste-ups and junk assemblies exhibited in new beat bar *The Place*, San Francisco

1955-56 Mallorca, Barcelona, Paris, London, Lisbon: Extends paste-ups to book illustration and poetic sequences

1956 Guest at Black Mountain College, North Carolina: nonobjective paste-ups

1958 Stinson Beach, California: assemblies as ephemeral votive objects

1959 Begins "Translation" painting

1960 *Paste-Ups and Assemblies* at Dilexi Gallery, San Francisco

1961 *Assemblage* at The Museum of Modern Art, New York, includes paste-up
Pomona College, California: assemblage show includes a votive object

1963 Concentrates on poetic sequence of paintings in massive pigment in translation of black and white photos, engravings, drawings
Popart USA at Oakland Museum, California: includes *Tricky Cad* paste-up

1964 *The Painter and the Photograph* at University of New Mexico Art Gallery: a paste-up
Rolf Nelson Gallery, Los Angeles: shows mythopoetic paintings and paste-ups

1965 *American Collage*, The Museum of Modern Art, New York: includes a group of paste-ups

1967 Cheney Cowles Museum, Spokane, Washington: *Paste-Ups by Jess*, traveling show under auspices of the Western Association of Art Museums

1968 San Francisco Museum of Art: augmented *Paste-Ups by Jess*

1969 *The Spirit of the Comics* at the Institute of Contemporary Art, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia: includes *Tricky Cad* and *"Alone" in a Crowd?*
Hayward Gallery, London: *PopArt* includes *Tricky Cad*

1970 *Symbol and Vision* at Gallery Reese Palley, San Francisco: includes a group of paste-ups

1971 *Translations by Jess* at Odyssia Gallery, New York: the realized set of 26 paintings
Paste-Ups by Jess at Odyssia Gallery, New York
Begins new set of paintings, "Salvages," combining mythopoetic romance, collage and translation

1972 *Seventieth American Exhibition* at The Art Institute of Chicago: includes two Salvages
Jess: Paste-Ups at Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago

Catalogue

Dimensions are given in inches: height precedes width
Unless otherwise noted all work is lent by Odyssia Gallery, New York

1. *Closet Hanging for a Critic* 1953 84 x 32

2. *Goddess Because (=1)* 1953 20½ x 15½

3. *Feature F* 1953 10¾ x 8¼

4. *Seventy XXth Success Story* 1953 59 x 42½

5. *Boob =3* 1954 30 x 35

6. *Tricky Cad: Case 1* 1954 9½ x 7½
Private collection, San Francisco

7. *The Artist's View =8* 1954 13 x 40

8. *Blasted Beauty* 1954 25 x 18½
Private collection, San Francisco

9. *Love's Captives* 1954 12 x 14
Private collection, San Francisco

10. *Civilization of the Insects* 1955 13 x 22
Private collection, San Francisco

11. *Flyer for* Caesar's Gate 1955 11½ x 9

12. *The Guardian Angel's Guide-Book* 1955
20½ x 15½

13. *The Master and the Misses* 1955 12 x 16

14. *Nadine* 1955 16 x 24
Private Collection, Chicago

15. *The Face in the Abyss* 1955 30 x 40

16. *Paranoic Portrait of Robert Creeley* 1955 26 x 22
Private collection, San Francisco

17. *Rock Salt Cleavage* 1955 32 x 27½

18. *When My Ship Come Sin* 1955 32 x 39

19. *Goddess Because (=2)* 1956 27 x 30

20. *Our Roses* 1956 24 x 17½

21. *Apodiopompeisthai (=2)* 1957 18 x 12

22. *Tricky Cad: Case IV* 1957 9 x 5

23. *Tricky Cad: Case V* 1958 13½ x 12½

24. *O!* 1959 8½ x 5½

25. *Hera Closing With Herakles* 1960 32 x 36
Private collection, San Francisco

26. *Tarot XIX: The Sun* 1960 80 x 50

27. *Tarot VII: The Chariot* 1962 38 x 55

28. *The Dios Kuroi* 1963 9½ x 6½

29. *Once Upon a Time . . . for Robert* 1966 7 x 10½
Private collection, New York

30. *Echos' Wake, Part I* 1961-6 9 x 12
Private collection, San Francisco

31. *Echos' Wake, Part V* 1961-6 17½ x 19

32. *Echos' Wake, Part VI* 1961-6 18 x 14½

33. *"Alone" in a Crowd?* 1968 26 x 33

34. *Robert Duncan readings* 1970 27½ x 33
Private collection, San Francisco

35. *Tarot X: The Wheel of Fortune* 1971 59 x 43

36. *Paste-Ups by Jess* 1971 22 x 28

37. *Notice. No Eggs Required. By Order.*
1972 7½ x 12

38. *The Virtue of Incertitude Perplexing the Vice of Definition* 1972 50 x 65½

39. *The Leavetaking* 1972 28½ x 33½

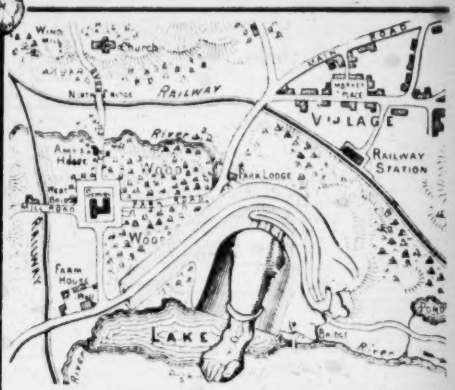
That Sly Old Gobbler: or THE ORANGE!

ange for you," said nurse to little Ida one day; "but be sure not

to swallow the seeds."

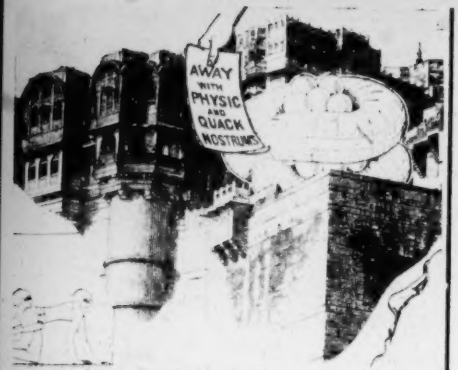
Ida made a little hole in the or-

"HERE is a nice sweet or-

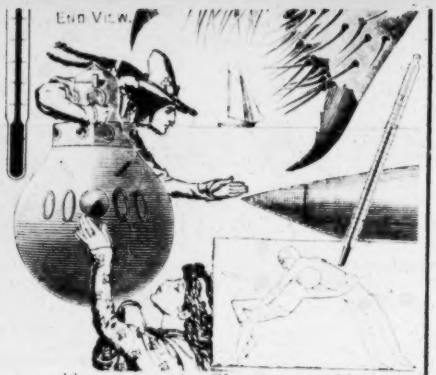


ange and began to suck it. It was very juicy, and she liked it very

24. *Pages from* O! *1959*



much. But when she was almost through with it, she happened to



swallow a seed. She ran to Nurse Mary at once to tell her about it.

"Will it grow inside

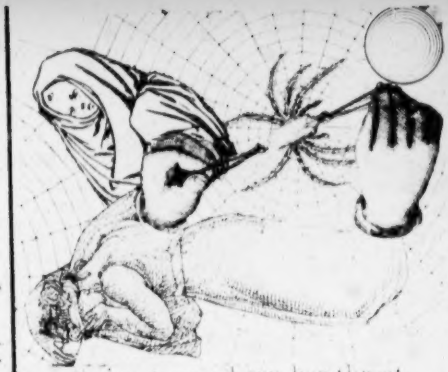
of me, nurse?" she asked. Nurse Mary laughed. "Wait and see."

she said. "If you find a little orange-tree coming up, you must tell

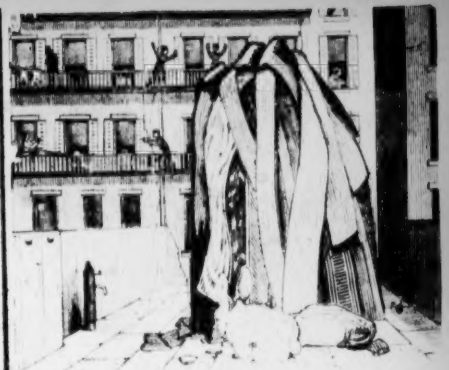
me."

One morning Ida's mother saw

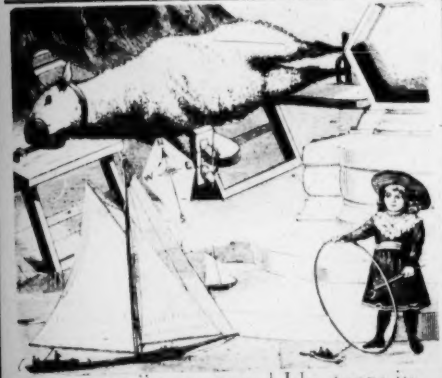
her standing before a mirror with her mouth wide open. She was



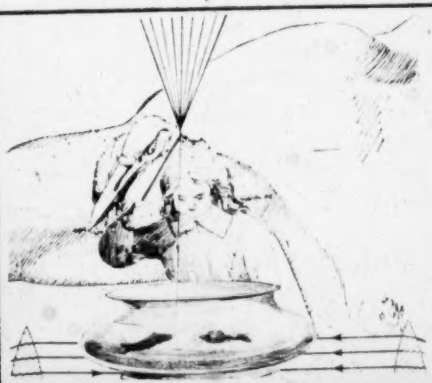
trying to see down her throat. "What are you doing, Ida?"



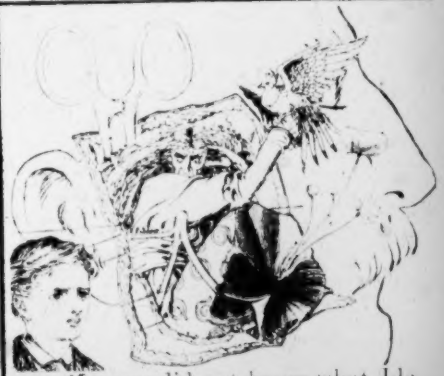
asked her mother. "I'm looking for my or-



ange-tree," answered Ida, tears in her brown eyes; "I'm afraid it

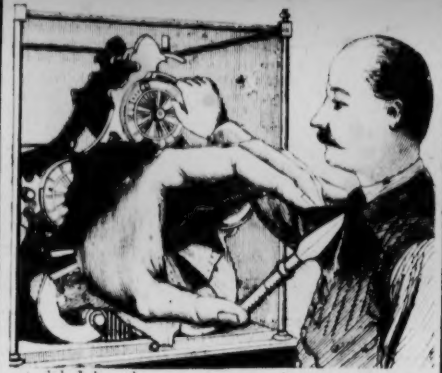


will choke me when it comes up."



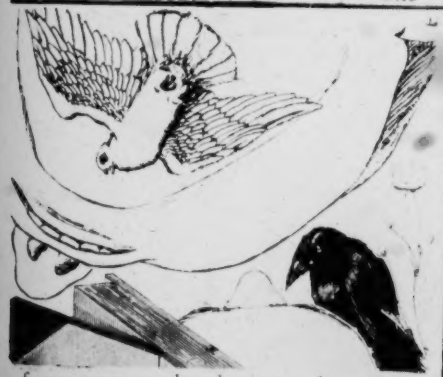
Mamma did not know what Ida meant, and she laughed very much

when the little girl told her about the seed she had swallowed. She

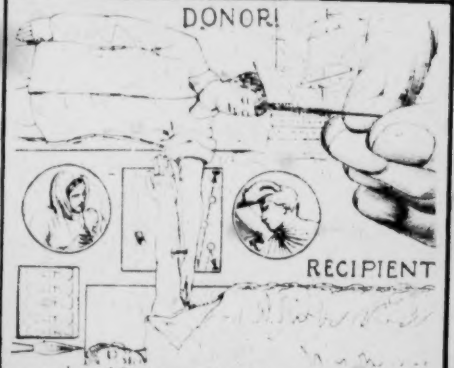


told Ida there was no danger that a tree would grow from it.

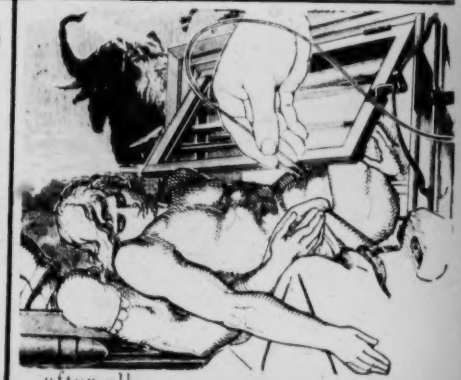
But it was a long time before Ida forgot what nurse had said, and



for many weeks she was often seen standing before a mirror with her



mouth wide open, looking for that or- ange-tree which might come up



after all.

FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.